A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of Baſtardie.
Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good,
Firſt hang the childe that he may ſee it ſprall,
A ſight to vexe the fathers ſoule withall.
Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* ſaue the childe,
And beare it from me to the Empreſſe:
If thou doe this, Ile ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile ſpeake no more but vengeance rot you all.
Lucius. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeakſt,
Thy childe ſhall liue, and I will ſee it nouriſht.
Aron. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee *Lucius*,
T'will vexe thy ſoule to heare what I ſhall ſpeake:
For I muſt talke of murthers, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of blacke nights, abhominable deeds,
Complots of miſchiefe, treaſon, villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiouſly performd,
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Vnleſſe thou ſweare to me my childe ſhall liue.
Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I ſay thy childe ſhall liue.
Aron. Sweare that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Lucius. Who ſhould I ſweare by, thou beleeueſt no God,
That graunted, how canſt thou beleeue an oath?
Aron. What if I doe not, as indeed I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called conſcience,
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue ſeene thee carefull to obſerue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Idcot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he ſweares,

To

To that Ile vrge him: therefore
By that ſame God, what God
That thou adoreſt, and haſt in
To ſaue my boy, to nouriſh an
Or elſe I will diſcouer nought
Lucius. Euen by my God I
Aron. Firſt know thou, I beg
Lucius. Oh moſt inſatiate lu
Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was
To that which thou ſhalt he
T'was her two ſonnes that mur
They cut thy ſiſters tongue an
And cut her hands, and
Lucius, Oh deteſtable villai
Aron. Why ſhe was waſht, a
And twas trim ſport for them
Lucius, Oh barberous beaſtl
Aron. Indeede I was their t
That codding ſpirit had they
As ſure a carde as euer wonne
That bloody minde I thinke th
As true a dog as euer fought at
Well, let my deedes be witnes
I trayned thy brethren to tha
Where the dead corps of *Baſſia*
I wrote the letter that thy Fath
And hid the gold within the L
Confederate with the Queene
And what not done, that thou
Wherein I had no ſtroke of mi
I playd the cheater for thy Fat
And when I had it drew my ſe
And almoſt broke my hart wit
I pried me through the creuic

I.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g